

THE UNEASY RIDER

C F
I was takin' a trip out to L.A. , Toolin' along in my Chevrolet

G7 C
Tokin' on a number and diggin' on the radi- o ...

C
Just as I crossed the Mississippi line

F
I heard that highway start to whine

G7 C
And I knew that left rear tire was about to go.

Well, the spare was flat and I got uptight, 'Cause there wasn't a fillin' station in sight
So I just limped on down the shoulder on the rim
I went as far as I could and when I stopped the car
It was right in front of this little bar
Kind of redneck lookin' joint, called the Dew Drop Inn.

Well, I stuffed my hair up under my hat , And told the bartender that I had a flat
And would he be kind enough to give me change for a one
There was one thing I was sure proud to see
There wasn't a soul in the place, 'cept for him and me
And he just looked disgusted and pointed toward the telephone.

I called up the station down the road a ways, And he said he wasn't very busy today
And he could have somebody there in just 'bout ten minutes or so
He said now you just stay right where you're at
And I didn't bother tellin' the durn fool
I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to go.

I just ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar , When some guy walked in and
said; "Who owns this car?
With the peace sign, the mag wheels and four on the floor?"
Well, he looked at me and I damn near died
And I decided that I'd just wait outside
So I layed a dollar on the bar and headed for the door.

Just when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin, These five big dudes come
strollin' in
With this one old drunk chick and some fella with green teeth
And I was almost to the door when the biggest one
Said; "You tip your hat to this lady, son."
And when I did all that hair fell out from underneath.

Now the last thing I wanted was to get into a fight , In Jackson, Mississippi on a
Saturday night
'Specially when there was three of them and only one of me
They all started laughin' and I felt kinda sick
And I knew I'd better think of somethin' pretty quick
So I just reached out and kicked old green-teeth right in the knee.

He let out a yell that'd curl your hair , But before he could move, I grabbed me a chair
And said; "Watch him folks, 'cause he's a thouroughly dangerous man."
"Well, you may not know it, but this man's a spy
He's an undercover agent for the FBI
And he's been sent down here to infiltrate the Ku Klux Klan."

He was still bent over, holdin' on to his knee, But everyone else was lookin' and
listenin' to me
And I layed it on thicker and heavier as I went I said;
"Would you beleive this man has gone as far
As tearin' Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars
And he voted for George McGovern for president."

"He's a friend of them long-haired, hippie type, pinko fags, I betcha he's even got a
Commie flag
Tacked up on the wall, inside of his garage
He's a snake in the grass, I tell ya guys
He may look dumb, but that's just a disguise
He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage."

They all started lookin' real suspicious at him, And he jumped up an' said; "Now, just
wait a minute, Jim
You know he's lyin' I've been livin' here all of my life."
"I'm a faithfull follower of Brother John Birch
And I belong to the Antioch Baptist Church
And I ain't even got a garage, you can call home and ask my wife."

Then he started sayin' somethin' 'bout the way I was dressed, I didn't wait around to hear
the rest
I was too busy movin' and hopin' I didn't run outta luck
And when I hit the ground, I was makin' tracks
And they were just takin' my car down off the jacks
So I threw the man a twenty an' jumped in an' fired that mother up.

Mario Andretti woulda sure been proud, Of the way I was movin' when I passed that
crowd
Comin' out the door and headin' toward me in a trot
And I guess I should-a gone ahead and run
But somehow I couldn't resist the fun
Of chasin' them all just once around the parkin' lot.

Well, they're headin' for their car, but I hit the gas, And spun around and headed them off
at the pass
I was slingin' gravel and puttin' a ton of dust in the air
Ha Ha, well, I had 'em all out there steppin' and fetchin'
Like their heads were on fire and their asses was catchin'
But I figured I oughta go ahead an split before the cops got there.

When I hit the road I was really wheelin' , Had gravel flyin' and rubber squeelin'
And I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas
Well, I think I'm gonna re-route my trip
I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped
If I went to L.A. - via Omaha.